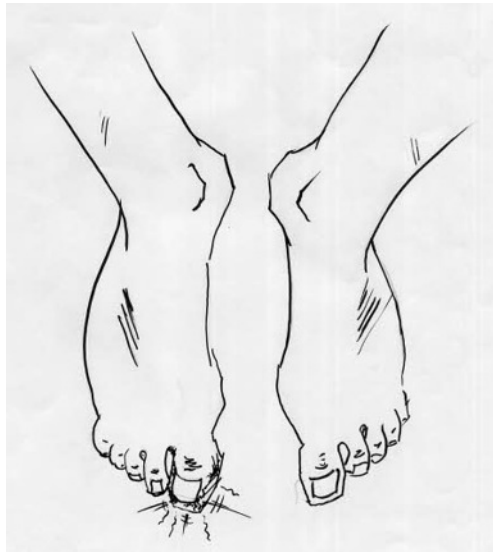


Steve Cartwright

The Fungal Toe



I thank God for the good things in life
My fungal toe and the ingrowing toe nail that have brought me to the foot doctor and the warm
green lavatorial waters of the chiropodist's surgery.
Out of the thoroughfare
Out of the bustle
Out of the crowds and the rough and the tumble
Out of the cold and the rain and the drizzle
Into the room where the green waters await me
Onto the chair with its whirr of machinery
It's foot, back and arm rests, its wonderful symmetry
Lifting me up with mechanical wizardry
Over the porcelain bowl of green liquid
Then slipping my feet in the warm soapy water
I'm close as I'll ever be now to a heaven
The stresses fall from me
And ecstasy takes me
I bask in it's gentleness
Waves washing over me
The warm soapy water caressing me tenderly
Making me feel I am loved, I am needed
Bringing a wholeness back to my seeing
Caressing me gently back into healing
Showing me God in the ingrowing toenail
Showing me God in the stillness of being